



New-York, Dec. 2, 1840.

Mrs. Chapman:

Dear Friend,

I have but a moment to communicate a word which I have been wanting an opportunity to convey to our Boston friends for several days past. Is not our policy of lying still killing us by inches? The question has suggested itself to me while looking at the vigorous struggle of our friends in New-Hampshire. Only think of their five agents, and their scores of appointments, every one striking terror to the heart of the enemy! Cannot a similar system of measures be immediately adopted in Massachusetts? Why cannot friends Chace, Whiting, C. M. Burleigh, ~~and~~ and a dozens others, whom I could name if I had time, go forth into the field and look up for volunteers? I believe they would rejoice to do so, if they had a word of cheer from head quarters; and I have full con-

confidence that they would meet with glorious
success. Of all this, however, you who are on
the spot can judge better than I can. This living
in an exhausted receiver is not promotive of sound
anti-slavery health, or a clear moral vision. I
write what seems to me clear amidst a New
York fog: you who are on Mount Zion
may see "a more excellent way." These long
evenings ought not, it appears to me, to pass
unimproved.

Remembrances to all your family,
and to the circle of the faithful and true;
and believe me, in great haste,

Yours, for the cause,
C. Johnson,

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Oliver Johnson

1840

Maria W. Chapman,
Boston.

